

# Essex County Herald.

HENRY C. BATES, Editor.

VOL. I.

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NO. 9.

## ASLEEP IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

The snow is lying in great heaps upon the ground, and still the flakes are coming down with a swift and silent motion. Now and then the wind, which has been hiding in some corner, waiting for a chance, suddenly rushes around the house, pouncing unexpectedly upon a company of snow-flakes, whirling them round and round in a frolicsome dance until you cannot tell which are going up and which falling down, and at last flings them pettishly in a feathery heap against the fence or the barn-door. How glad I am, as I sit by my crackling, blazing fire, that I need not even put my nose out of doors to-day! How sadly I think of poor little children with frozen feet and pinched blue faces, wandering homeless in city streets, or huddling together in freezing garrets and dreary cellars, trying vainly to warm themselves over the half-dead fire.

As I think of them, there comes to my mind the story of what happened once to a little boy on just such a winter day. He lived with his father and mother and baby sister in a little cottage about a mile and a half from the village of M., which is very far north, in a part of the country where the snow-storms are terrible. They kept no servant, as they were poor; so that when Frank's father, Mr. Lee, went away to spend Sunday with his brother, who lived about fifteen miles off, the little boy was left to take care of his mother and baby sister. Very proud and grand he felt, particularly as he was to stay with Nelly while his mother went to church; and he had never been allowed to do that before. But on Sunday, when he came down early to light the fire, he saw that it was snowing fast; and fast it snowed all day, until great drifts peeped at each other over the tops of the fences, and pressed so hard against the back-door of the cottage that there was no opening it.

Frank was left to himself very much that day, for Nelly was ailing, and lay half-asleep on her mother's knee, peevish and fretful. Her fever kept increasing fast, and just at nightfall the poor little thing grew quite wild; and the mother knew that a doctor must see her, or else, perhaps, the precious life would be lost. She looked out into the gathering night and falling snow, and then at her sick child.

"Frank," she said, "Nelly is very sick and I don't know what to do for her. She ought to have the doctor, and I am afraid if we wait until morning it will be too late to save her from a severe illness. Perhaps"—but here she stopped for a moment. "Do you think you could get to Mr. Steele's? I am sure he would send his horse and man with you to town."

"Yes, mother," Frank answered cheerfully; "I'll run off directly." Mrs. Lee bundled him up in his warm coat, tied a scarf over his cap, and with his heavy India-rubber boots he felt ready for any kind of weather. He did not know how hard it was going to be. Up to his knees he plunged at the first step, but he went bravely on, climbed the gate, as he could not open it, and then stopped a minute to wipe his hands to his mother, who stood by the front window with Nelly in her arms, watching him as he plunged down the road. He was quite ready to stop when he got to Mr. Steele's; and as he warmed himself by their great bright fire, he told his errand.

"Now, was ever anything more unfortunate!" said good old Mrs. Steele. "Here's the father and son, and the horse to our hired man to go over to the doctor to spend Sunday, and I've had to give him bone-set tea for two nights, and he ain't fit to be round. Just you stay to supper, and then go over to Timothy Brown's, and I guess they'll take you." But Frank would not stay for supper, though Mrs. Steele would not let him go without a word of warning. She certainly warned him thoroughly before starting again. Alas! when he got to Timothy Brown's he found it was but a waste of time to stop there; Mr. Brown said he wasn't going to take out his horse such weather as that for anybody, no, he. "Women were always fussing," he said; "the child would do well enough, no doubt; she only had a cold."

Frank opened his large blue eyes with indignant surprise, but was too much disappointed to say anything. Mrs. Brown, half-ashamed of her husband's cruelty, followed him to the door to give him an excellent recipe, which she was sure would cure Nelly's cold; but Frank, little fellow though he was, turned round on her indignantly, and said: "Mother told me Nelly was very sick, and she must have the doctor. No matter, I'll go for him." And the brave boy started off with another word. Weary he plodded through drift after drift. The snow blew in his face and nearly blinded him. It grew darker and darker, and he could scarcely find his way; but the lights of the village were gleaming ahead, so he could not go very far wrong.

At last, when our hero, he found himself at the "old" door; but there was another disappointment. The doctor was out. His kind little wife, on hearing Frank's story, said at once, "I don't know where my husband was going, except that he meant to be at Mr. Stebbins's at half-past eight o'clock, the big house on the green, you know. You leave word for him there, or you had better wait there for him, and he will bring you home." So off again poor Frank started, this time, however, more hopefully, as he thought his walk was nearly ended. He knocked at Mr. Stebbins's kitchen-door, and left his message, but from thoughtlessness, or because all were much occupied with the sickness in the house, no one asked him to stay.

"May I come in?" he asked timidly, but cook did not hear him, and shut the door, probably without seeing him. He tried standing under the shelter of the house; but standing still was such cold work he moved on; then he walked slowly, hoping the doctor would soon overtake him, but he went on and on, plodding wearily up the village street. The sidewalks were deserted, but at a distance ahead of him he saw a strong man bending under the fury of the

storm. He started to overtake him, but the man turned the corner where stood the grandest house of the place, and was lost to sight in a moment. Frank called loudly, but the man did not hear him, or if he did, he did not choose to halt.

"Perhaps he went into the house," thought Frank, "and I might have gone in with him, but it would have been losing time, and the doctor might have passed by and missed me." So, with almost a sob, he plodded on until he was again out on the country road, the drifts and the falling snow and the cold wind seemed to grow deeper and colder at every step of his aching little feet. Sometimes he stopped a moment and listened, but he heard no sound of bells. Then he walked on slowly, and more slowly, until such a weariness came over him, that not being able to walk another step, he sank by the roadside. The poor boy hardly felt the coldness of the snow, he hardly knew where he was, he grew more and more drowsy; faint thoughts of mother and Nelly, of warm beds, of a blazing fire, came over him, and then he knew nothing more, but slept the dangerous sleep that comes when a person is freezing.

And now we must go back to poor Mrs. Lee. The hours passed very wearily for her, watching her sick child. At last she began to think it was time for Frank to return. She listened for the sound of bells, but heard only the roaring of the wind; she looked out of the window, straining her eyes into the darkness, but saw only the branches swaying to and fro across the pane. Then she busied herself, when Nelly was quiet for a moment, in building up the fire, piling on fresh logs till the cheerful blaze shone far out of doors, making a shining path on the snow. She hung dry clothes before the fire for her boy, often pausing to listen, and then by her sick child's cradleside prayed, with her face hidden in her hands, and her whole frame trembled with the sobs she tried to keep down, so that she might not rouse little Nelly. Any mother will know what she prayed and what she thought. "Here you boy, madam, though a little worse for the day, but though it seemed as if she were doing nothing, she was really helping him more than if she had gone out to find him, for the kind Father in heaven can help and save when we can do nothing ourselves."

So she felt at last when she heard a pattering at the kitchen door, and she hurried to open it, the doctor's cheery voice cried out, "Here you boy, madam, though a little worse for the day, but though it seemed as if she were doing nothing, she was really helping him more than if she had gone out to find him, for the kind Father in heaven can help and save when we can do nothing ourselves."

"No, no, madam, cheer up, there's life in him; warm him and rub him well, and he'll come to in a little while." And then the doctor turned to the little crib, for Nelly, roused now, began to cry and talk wildly. "Another hour and it might have been too late," muttered the doctor to himself, as he prepared a mixture for the little girl. But the mother forgot even Nelly for a while, until she saw color returning to her dear boy's face. Though the life came back, it was a long, long time before he was what he had once been, and Mrs. Lee had many days of weary watching over both her little ones. However, by the time the snow had melted away, Nelly and Frank were rosy once more, and hardly looked as if they had been so near death.

But while I have been telling you this, my fire has gone out, and the feet very much as I was sitting on a snow drift. So I must bid you goodbye, dear young friends, and pile up the wood and warm myself reading about those lovely sunny lands where snow-storms and north winds never come.

## A Mirage.

The St. Louis Globe of Wednesday says: "Night before last there was much excitement on the levee. Some gentlemen standing near the river looked up stream and saw what they thought was a great ice gorge coming down, slowly but surely toward the city. They gave the alarm, and many interested parties came down to the levee to witness the spectacle. The more they looked up stream the more they saw of the wonderful sight. It looked like ice—like broken cakes of ice. It seemed to be moving, and there appeared to be a great commotion of the current, as if the river was on a rise. But the spectators, after gazing an hour or so began to get tired, and thought the gorge was a long time coming. All at once, and without any warning, the ice broke about to burst, the lift lifted from the river, and the light of the stars revealed the water, unobstructed and moving on toward the Gulf.

The sight-seeing citizens had beheld a mirage. What such a phenomenon is the reader can learn by referring to a copy of Webster's Dictionary. A mirage is a beautiful thing to look at, but you can't most always tell whether it will amount to anything or not.

## Cut Them Off.

An experiment recently tried by a party of excursionists in Illinois, to induce a railroad conductor to accept the legal fare for conveying them from a place called Ludlow to Champaign, was not attended with a very encouraging degree of success. The conductor refused to accept the amount offered, and the party continued under the impression that "it was to be a free ride" until the train reached a point where it was necessary to change cars. For this purpose a general rush was made, but all the doors were found to be locked, with the exception of those belonging to the rear car. Into that they crushed themselves as speedily as possible, and had just found seats when the forward part of the train moved off, leaving them alone on the track. The conductor had evidently adopted this plan to "get square" with the party, who were sufficiently punished by having to procure tickets and finish their journey on freight trains. Backed up by the companies, conductors, as a rule, care very little about laws that have for their purpose the protection of the traveling public.

## Facts and Fancies.

The Sutor tunnel in Nevada has reached a distance of 3,563 feet into the bowels of the mountain.

A man has been sent to the Michigan State prison for three years for burning his barn to get the insurance.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities, but it is the application of them upon which their value depends.

Wolves are very plenty in Iowa, and the farmers can't step out of their back doors after dark without falling over these animals.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette; her lovers must toil, feed every iniquity, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted for their pains.

Geo. Driver, of Chicago, who has just been sentenced to be hanged for the murder of his wife, was convicted on the evidence of his two children—one fourteen, the other nine.

"Why do you spend so much money on your wife's funeral?" asked a man of a neighbor. "Ah, sir," was the reply, "she would have done as much for me, and more too, with pleasure."

Memphis mules appear to have a keen sense of humor and a fond of playing practical jokes on their fellow beings. One of them attached to a street car lately refused to budge an inch until all the men in the car got out to push behind, when he dashed off at full speed, leaving them sprawling on the ground.

"Oh, General Sherman!" exclaimed a lady bent upon exacting admiration even of that outspoken hero, "tell me whom did you see in your travels in Europe who liked better than me?" and she asked up her eyes to him. "A great many people, madam," brusquely and candidly replied the chief officer of the army.

## Aerial Navigation.

M. Hannel, Ingenieur des Arts et Manufactures, lately presented to the French Aeronautical Society some observations upon the flight of birds, which are worth noticing. He assumes that, during normal flight, the speed of the center of movement is constant, and equals 15 meters or 31 feet per second. This center of movement is situated on the line which divides the triangle representing the wing in two equivalent parts. The weight which a bird can support without fatigue, may increase, according to circumstances, up to one half of its weight; the mean value is equal to one fourth of its weight. The total load, that is to say, the weight of the bird, increased by the weight that it can carry, is thus, on an average, equal to five fourths its proper weight. This formula can be applied to insects as well as to birds.

Supposing this formula to hold good for all bodies passing through the air, and carrying with them their motive power, the application of it can be made to a man or a machine. For a machine weighing 35 tons, the spread of wing should be 26 feet, and 6 yards for a man weighing, with the necessary appliances, 220 lbs.

The conclusions of M. Hannel have been discussed by a large number of the Society, who in the majority do not agree with him. They have been compared with those of M. Harting, according to whom the weight increases according to the cube of the length of the wings, modified by a coefficient which varies with different kinds of birds. M. Hannel and M. Harting do not consider the weight and spread of wings in the same manner, and they do not adopt the same speed. Besides, M. Hannel assumes a constant speed in the center of motion, an assumption which has not been proved mathematically.

## Statue of Elias Howe, Jr.

The model for the statue of the inventor of the sewing machine, Elias Howe, which is to be placed in the Central Park, is now complete. It is the design of Mr. Ellis. The work is eight feet in height and the tall figure stands erect, the weight of the body resting on the left foot. In the right leg a certain stiffness is noticeable, and the knees are closer together than perfect proportion sanctions. These peculiarities, however, belonged to Mr. Howe's physique, and demand recognition in any honest portrait of him. The right hand holds a walking stick, the left a broad brimmed hat. The costume is the attire of a century, and that of the ordinary man of business in the upper walks of life. The long and many-tingled hair, which constituted so impressive a *chevelure*, is exceedingly well rendered, and the countenance expresses that intrepidity, obstinacy, patience, honesty and hope which sustained the inventor of the sewing machine through the quarter of a century through which he toiled to obtain permanent success. The statue is to be cast in bronze in Philadelphia, and is to be ready in May next. Three bas-reliefs are to adorn the pedestal. One of these is to illustrate the misery of the pre-sewing machine needle-woman, as indicated in Hood's "Song of the Shirt." The second will show Elias Howe, Jr., in his workshop pondering over his first machine. The third will indicate the perfected instrument under the easy manipulation of the average worker. These bas-reliefs will adorn three sides of the pedestal. An inscription will probably find place on the fourth.

## Method of Warming Greenhouses.

The London Grocer suggests that greenhouses, containing half-hard plants and in which no regular method of heating exists, may be warmed even during a hard frost by lighting and distributing a dozen or so common oil lamps, at convenient localities. In selecting these lamps they should be chosen with vases large in proportion to the size of the flat wick, in order that they may continue burning all night without refilling or other attention. It will be readily understood that, whether one or many lamps are used, the total amount of heat given off is proportionate to the quantity of oil burned, provided the combustion is complete. And in using a lamp, all the heat of combustion is utilized; none goes up the flue as with stoves or fire places.

## Keep Your Girls Home Nights.

I have a word to say to good hard-working mothers who don't know half that goes on in this world—mothers who bake, boil, wash, iron, sweep, and scrub all day, and to bed dead tired, glad that their daughters are young yet, and can enjoy themselves.

Do you know where your girls go in the evening? "Oh, yes," you say; "to see some young friends; to spend the evening with Betsy and Jane and Fanny." You think so; but are you sure? Other people are as sure of their daughters, and if you take the trouble to investigate, you will find, perhaps, that Sally spends her time after dark in running the streets.

It is a fact, as any one with the ordinary power of observation can discover, that the daughters of respectable parents in ordinary ranks of life, who are not properly watched by their mothers, frequent after dark now-a-days, and are indiscreetly bold in their manners. That they even "flirt," as it is called, and allow strange young men to speak to them and offer them refreshments, and that each girl keeps the secret of the other, that she in turn may keep hers. In this country, the poor man's daughter should be as much a lady as the daughter of the millionaire. At least she should be well-mannered, pure and honest, as we are proud to say, most of them are.

The mere contact with boldness sullies purity. A bad companion has more influence than a good one, and boldness and bad company through the city's streets at eventide. Keep your girl out of them.

If she has a legitimate invitation out, know all about her escort, or make her father or brother take care of her on the way to and from the house to which she is to go. If she has no escort and no male relative, it might be best to do as an English mother would—go and fetch her yourself.

Never let her contract a habit of staying all night with her girl friends. It is an idle sort of way any how, and takes her out of your control.

If you have been lax in your discipline, your girl may put a little at first, and find home somewhat dull; but if she lives to be a woman, and to marry, she will thank you at last—thank you from the bottom of her soul, as she looks back on the sad fate of some of those girls whose mothers had not proper home of nights.—"Aunt Polly," in the Ledger.

## Lord Lytton's Funeral.

In compliance with a generally-expressed desire, the mortal remains of the poet-novelist, instead of being carried to Knebworth, were buried in Westminster Abbey, the grave being dug in St. Edmund's Chapel, a small inclosure on the west side of the south transept, a few yards beyond Poet's Corner. The high arcades of the Abbey were dim with fog, the gas had to be lit in the choir, lamps were set on Plantagenet tombs, and candles in tin scones were fixed against the walls. The floor raised tombs of St. Edmund's Chapel were covered with black cloth, the open grave, which was seven feet deep, before half-past twelve, the hour fixed for the funeral, the choir began to fill with mourners. There were men of letters and politicians, not a few ladies, and many friends and tenants from the neighborhood of Knebworth. At length the organ began to play "God Save the Queen," and the hymn "The Resurrection and the Life," and then the funeral procession appeared, the coffin being borne by Knebworth laborers. The chief mourner was Lord Lytton's son, the present possessor of the title, well known as a poet under the pseudonym of Owen Meredith. Those passages which in a choral funeral service have still to be read by the grave were impressively delivered by Dean Stanley. As the mourners quitted the grave the organ pealed forth the "Dead March in Saul," the mighty, wonderful music of that wondrous dirge filled the Abbey, and when it had ended the solemnity was complete.

## The Price of Type.

Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co. announce that they have at their warehouse, No. 10, Broadway, New York, a type from one of the most celebrated foundries in the world, that of Figgins, of London, England, which they will sell at 20 per cent. discount from the American scale, when ordered in founts of 100 pounds and upwards. They also offer to import large founts on special orders at a greater discount from the American scale, and profess to be able to fill the largest order in eight weeks from the date of its receipt in New York. They supply sorts in large or small quantities from their stock on hand in New York at the American scale rate. They assert that if the present duty on type shall be removed, the price of the article, both of home and foreign manufacture, will immediately fall 40 per cent. below the present scale. Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co. are known as conducting the largest advertising business ever secured by one house, and are also extensive dealers in printing material. They are compelled to import foreign goods because American foundries, governed by a close corporation or ring, keep the price vastly too high, and at the same time make it an exception to every other species of merchandise by recognizing no wholesale price; the same amount per pound being charged to the purchaser of five thousand pounds as would be paid by him who wants but fifty.—Exchange.

A Scent or a Bell.—A Maine paper tells a little story about the bell of the "Old South Church," in Boston. It appears that many years ago certain parties in England gave to the First Congregational Church of Biddeford, Maine, a bell. For some reason or other the freight on the bell was not paid, and it was lying upon a wharf in Boston for a long time. The fact it was sold to pay charges, and now hangs in the tower of the "Old South," in Boston. At length that Biddeford was its destination is cast in the bell. It is now suggested that, the old church being turned into a postoffice, some measures be taken to secure the bell for Biddeford, as was originally intended.

## The Vienna Exhibition.

It is gratifying to know, says a New York paper, that the catalogue of American exhibitors at the Vienna University Exhibition will be much larger than at any previous industrial fair of this character. Comparing the number of American exhibitors who displayed their various goods in the last Paris fair, with the present one in Vienna, in the former case there were but 250, at present there are inscribed on the books of the commissioners the names of over 700 American manufacturers, who are prepared to send their choicest works to Austria. So far, all the disbursements, from June last to the present time, amount to \$20,000. This money has been advanced by certain members of the commission, and although \$200,000 has lately been appropriated by the United States, as yet no official notification of the fact has been presented to Gen. Van Buren. To-day, the American manufacturer has been made sensible of the great advantage to be derived from the exhibition of his articles in Vienna, and the demand for space now is largely beyond the means of the commissioners to gratify. England has, at present, secured five times as much space as that asked for by American exhibitors. The United States might have obtained a similar area, but were uncertain whether they could obtain the space, and the delay in making the appropriation has, in a measure, caused extra expenses to the United States commissioners. For the additional machinery a court will have to be covered with glass, at a cost of fully \$25,000, besides an extra building to be erected in the park. The United States has furnished two vessels, stationed now at Brooklyn, ready to receive freight, but there being as yet no money to pay for the handling of the goods, there are now nearly 700 packages stored there, and only some fifty cases have as yet been put on board. Some of the clauses in the appropriation bill are peculiar. One is that not over \$50,000 are to be paid in salaries. Out of this seven scientific and eight artistic are to receive \$1,000 each, but no single officer is to receive more than \$5,000. For office expenses alone Great Britain has appropriated £5,000. How the meagre amount of \$200,000 is to pay for the expenses of so vast an undertaking is difficult to determine. Out of this must come cost of buildings, railroad freights in Austria, (from Trieste to Vienna), expenses for loading and unloading goods, office rent at Vienna, hire of clerks and cost of decorations, boilers, and an infinity of other expenses, not counting the printing of a voluminous report, to be published when the exhibition is over.

The display of goods will be of the most varied kind. Particularly noticeable will be the agricultural department, which will cover a space of 11,000 square feet, the whole area devoted to the United States being about 70,000 square feet. By estimate based on former exhibitions, it is thought that the number of exhibitors at Vienna will be 64,000, and that 150,000 persons will visit the fair each day, and that during the six months the astounding number of 78,000,000 people will visit Austria, of which 300,000 will come from the United States.

## Tropical Life.

While reading a recently published biography of that celebrated English divine, wit, and humorist, Rev. Sydney Smith, we came across a graphic little picture of tropical life. Though it may be familiar to many of our readers, a fresh reading just at this season may reconcile some grumblers to the biting frost and heavy snows of the temperate zone, which never cease in hot climates. Read, and laugh, and be contented: "Frosts are the curse of tropical climates. Flies get into your mouth, you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into your bed; ants eat your books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by one species or another of life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small-beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread-and-butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up. If you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics."

## New Dwelling Rooms.

The dampness of newly-finished rooms is not due so much to the water used in mixing the plaster, as to the water of hydration of the lime, liberated by the action of carbonic acid. The action of the small quantity present in the nominal atmosphere, would, however, be so slow, and the water liberated so gradually, that no injurious effects would result. But as soon as the rooms become tenanted, the large amount of carbonic acid given off in respiration, causes such rapid displacement of water, and with it other matters indicated by the peculiar odor, that unpleasant and injurious results may follow. Treatment of the rooms with carbonic acid, before occupying them, suggests itself, at once, as a means of rendering them rapidly tenable. Although, by calculation, it would require the carbonic acid from the combustion of 320 pounds of coal, to displace the hydrate in water in the walls of a room of 1,500 square feet of surface, in practice the consumption, in a suitable way, of about five pounds of charcoal per day, for five days, in the room, would answer, because the interior portions are protected from rapid action of carbonic acid, as soon as a layer of about one-tenth of an inch has been acted on. This is proved by the fact that Prof. Fuchs has detected caustic lime in walls centuries old.

A bachelor says young married couples are apt to give themselves heirs.

## Diamond Gossip.

The glowing subject of diamonds is fruitful with inexhaustible reminiscences. I heard of a man who was once breakfasting with Lord Macaulay, when the conversation turned on the subject of the regalia of different thrones, and Macaulay went from diamond to diamond with his marvelous memory. He would, of course, speak of the famous Pitt diamond, which was brought by an Englishman into Europe and placed by Napoleon in the hilt of the state sword of France; of the great Austrian diamond; the great Russian diamond, and of a perfect mountain belonging to the crown of Portugal, which is said to be worth nearly six millions. There is a counter-statement that this is merely a fine colorless topaz; and the Portuguese sovereign does not submit the case to any scientific arbitration. No diamond has a more marvelous history attached to it than the Koh-i-noor, which has been recut, with increased effect, since the time of the Exhibition. I dare say many a diamond hunter wonders whether his rare happy lot will ever alight upon a gem that shall be renowned as the great gem of the regalias. Almost countless are the stories that might be told about diamonds. The Diamond Necklace belongs both to history and romance. In the "Moonstone" a popular novelist has apparently made some use of the history attached to the diamond purchased by the Empress Catherine. It was like a pigeon's egg, and formed the eye of an Indian idol. It was pillaged by a deserter from the French service, who had managed to get himself installed as a priest in the idol-service. The empress gave him nearly a hundred thousand pounds, and a large annual income. The famous Austrian diamond, once belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was long thought a bit of rock-crystal, being of a beautiful lemon-yellow color. It was sold from a stall in the market-place of Florence, and fetched a few pence. Then there are stories about the cutting of diamonds. 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